MARVEL ANNUAL
LIFEFORM
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PART 1 OF FOUR
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PUNISHER
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APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
THE PUNISHER
more PUNISHER'S FIGHTING TIPS!
MICRO--ALONE!
DEATH--BY LIFEFORM!
PUNISHER'S ARSENAL ENTRIES!
AND MORE!!

A BIZARRE VIRUS INFECTS A HUMAN BEING, AND EVOLVES INTO A POWERFUL, SENTIENT MENACE KNOWN AS . . .

LIFEFORM

PART I

A FOUR PART NARRATIVE ALSO FEATURED IN:

PART II—DAREDEVIL • PART III—THE HULK • PART IV—SILVER SURFER

THE PUNISHER

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Editor: DON DALEY

Assistant Editor: ROB TOKAR

Editor in Chief: TOM DeFALCO

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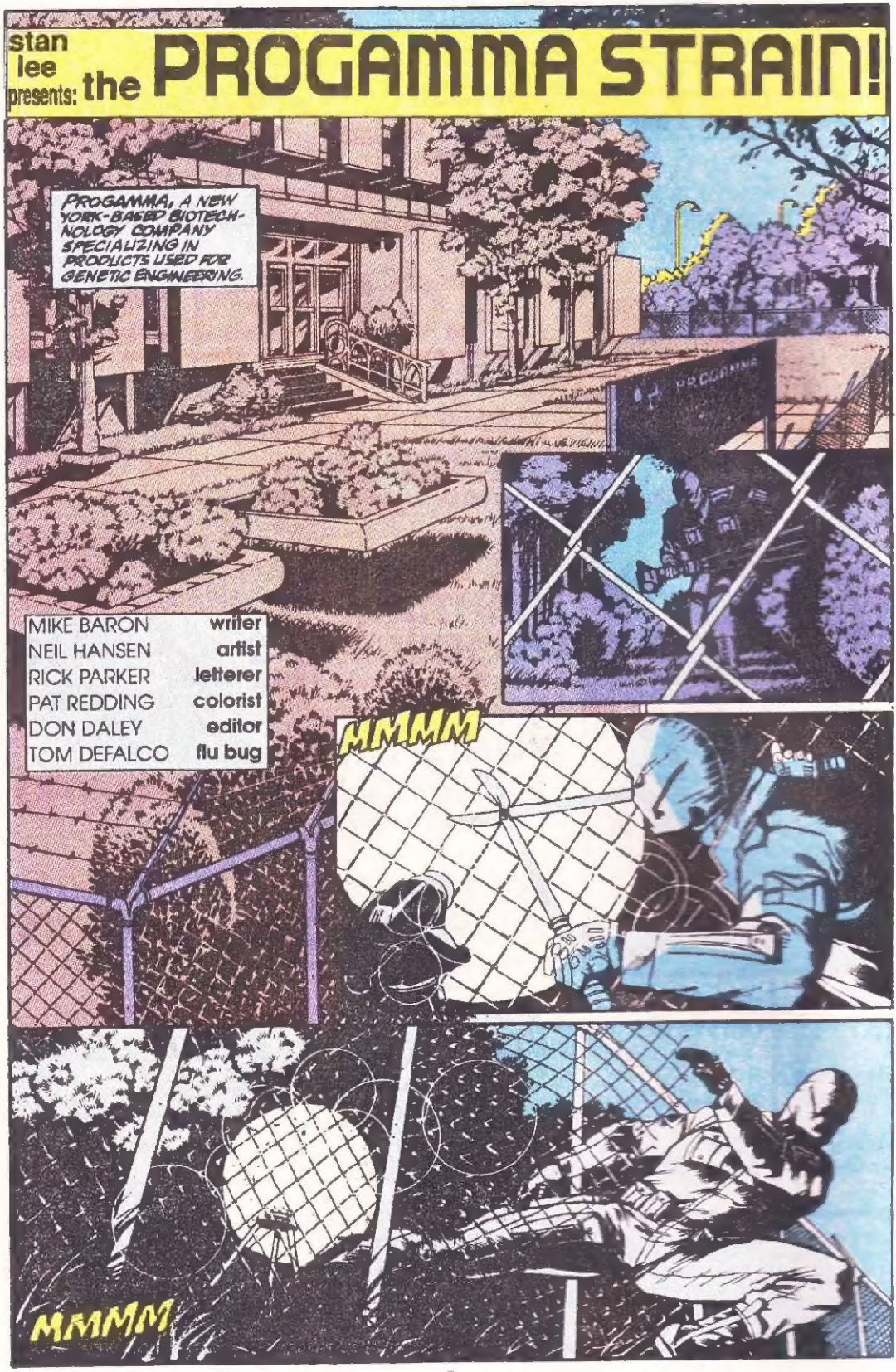
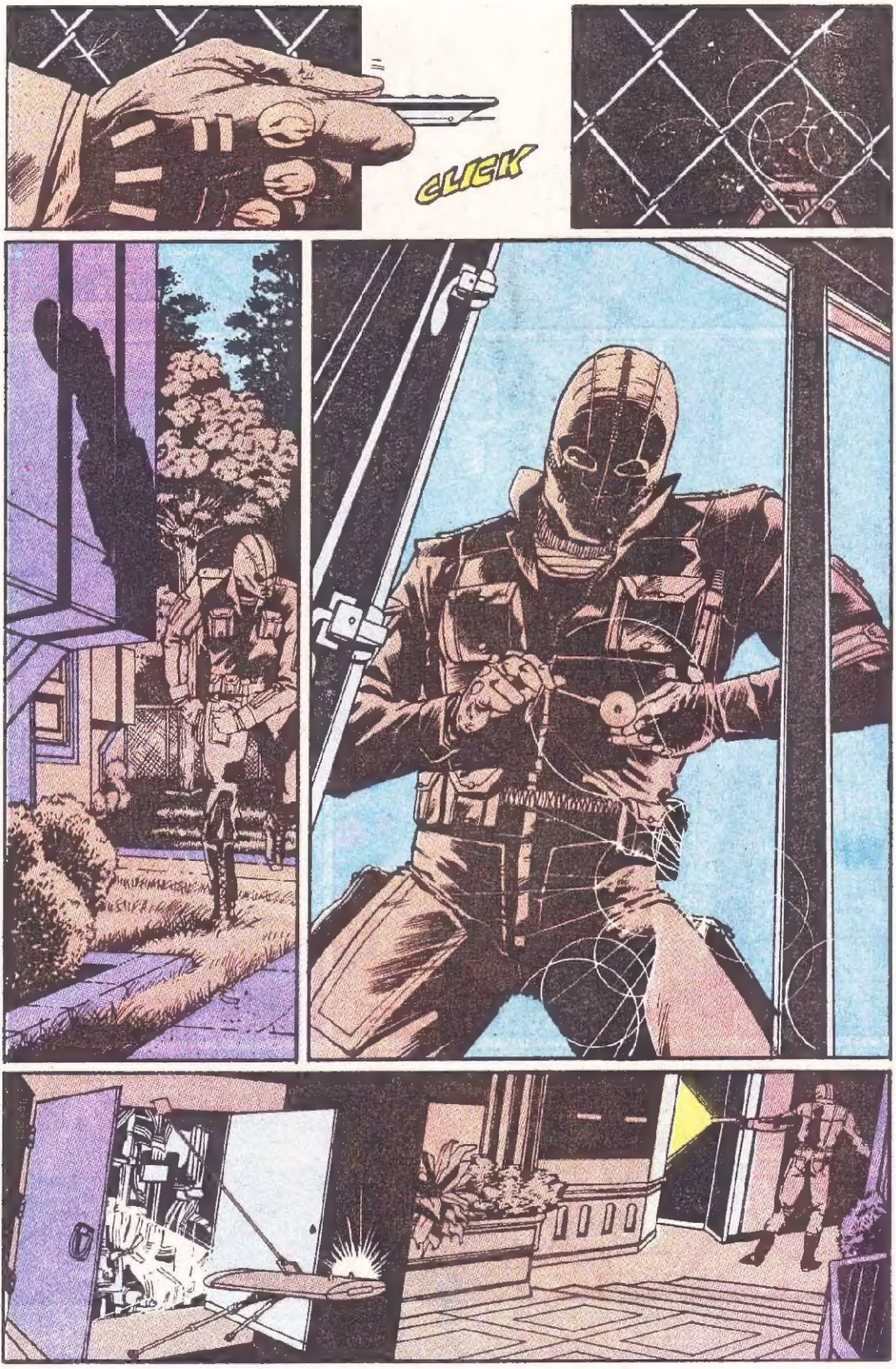
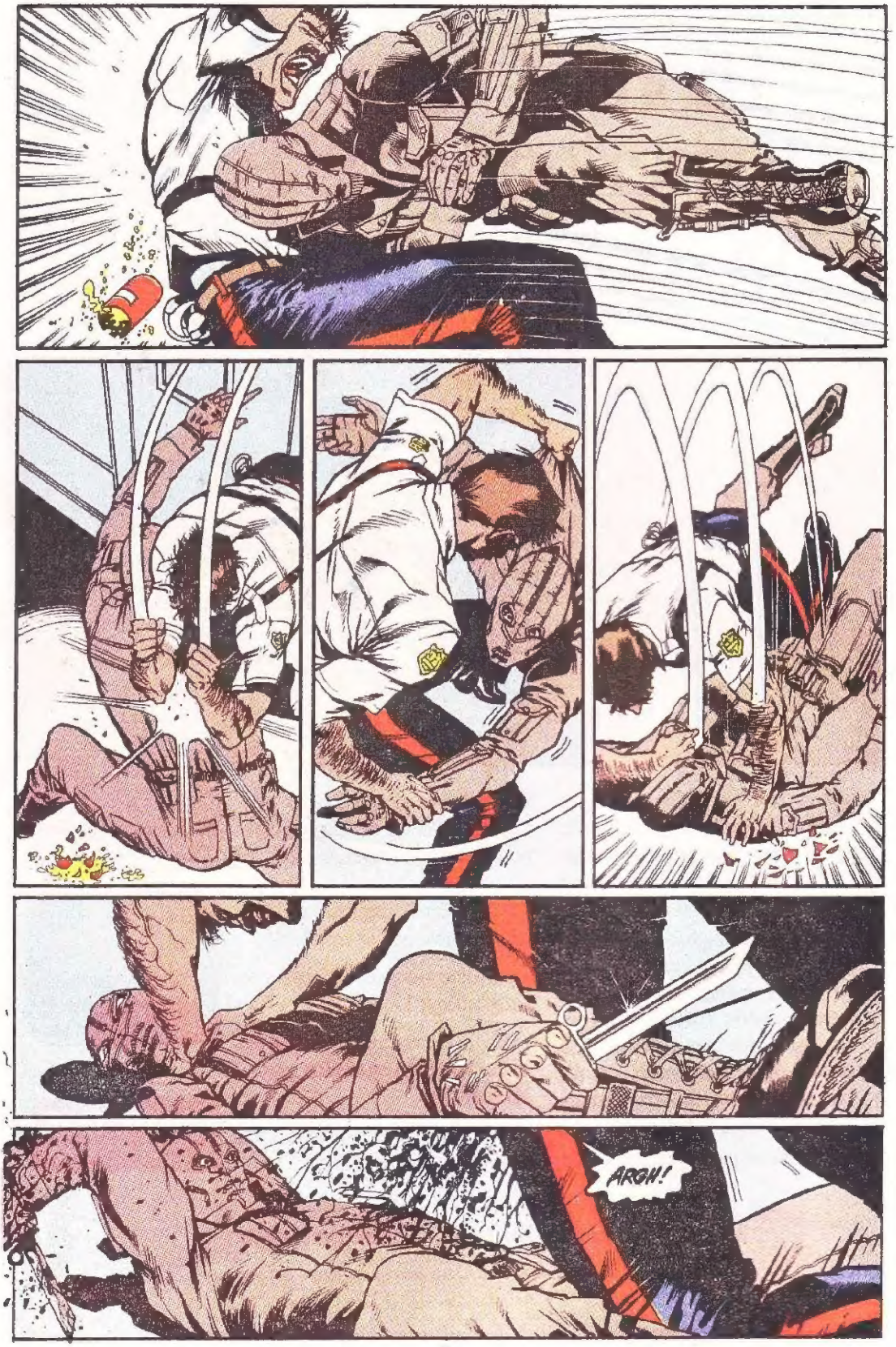
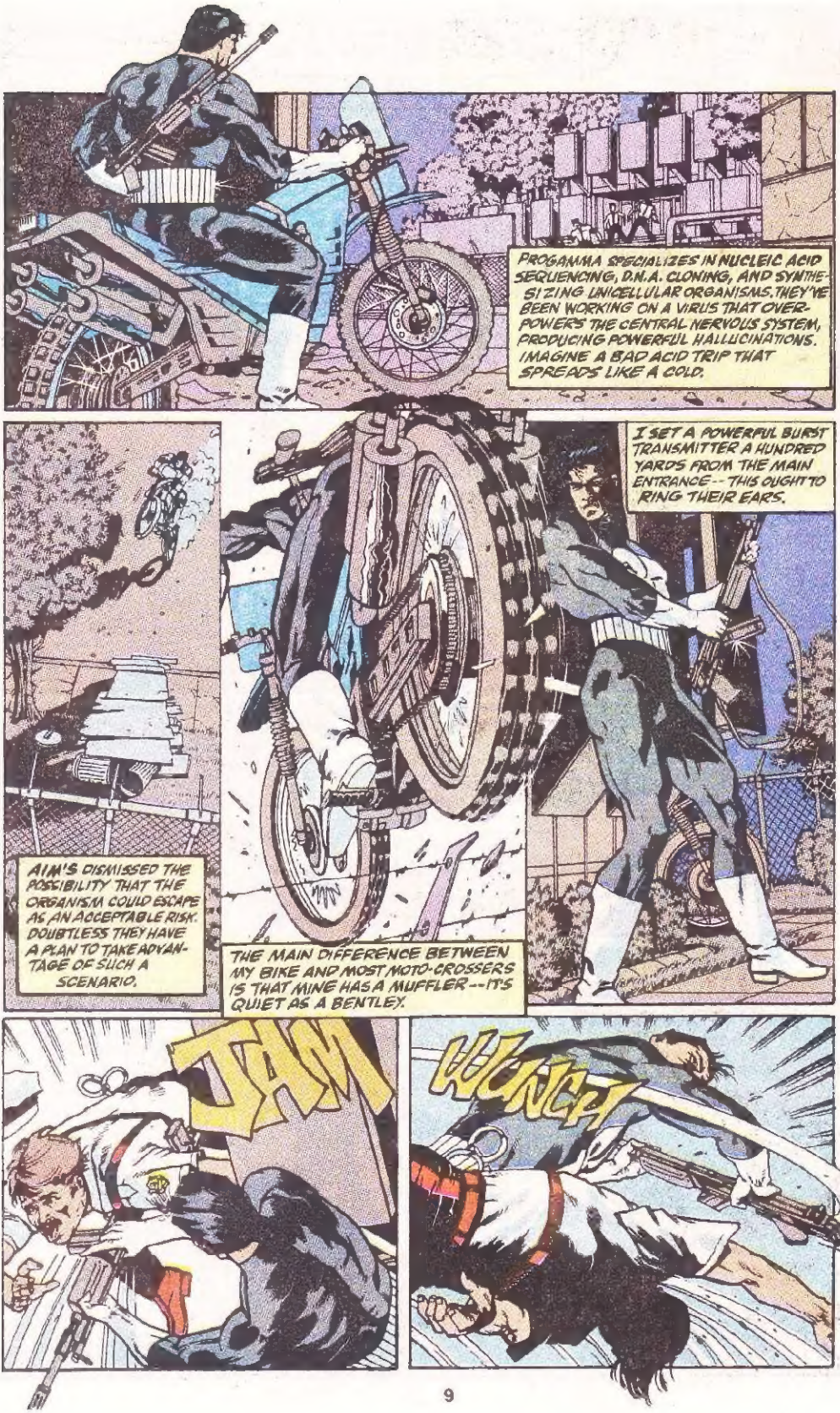

stan lee presents: the PROGAMMA STRAIN!
PROGAMMA, A NEW YORK-BASED BIOTECHNOLOGY COMPANY SPECIALIZING IN PRODUCTS USED FOR GENETIC ENGINEERING.
MIKE BARON writer
NEIL HANSEN artist
RICK PARKER letterer
PAT REDDING colorist
DON DALEY editor
TOM DEFALCO flu bug
MMMM
MMMM

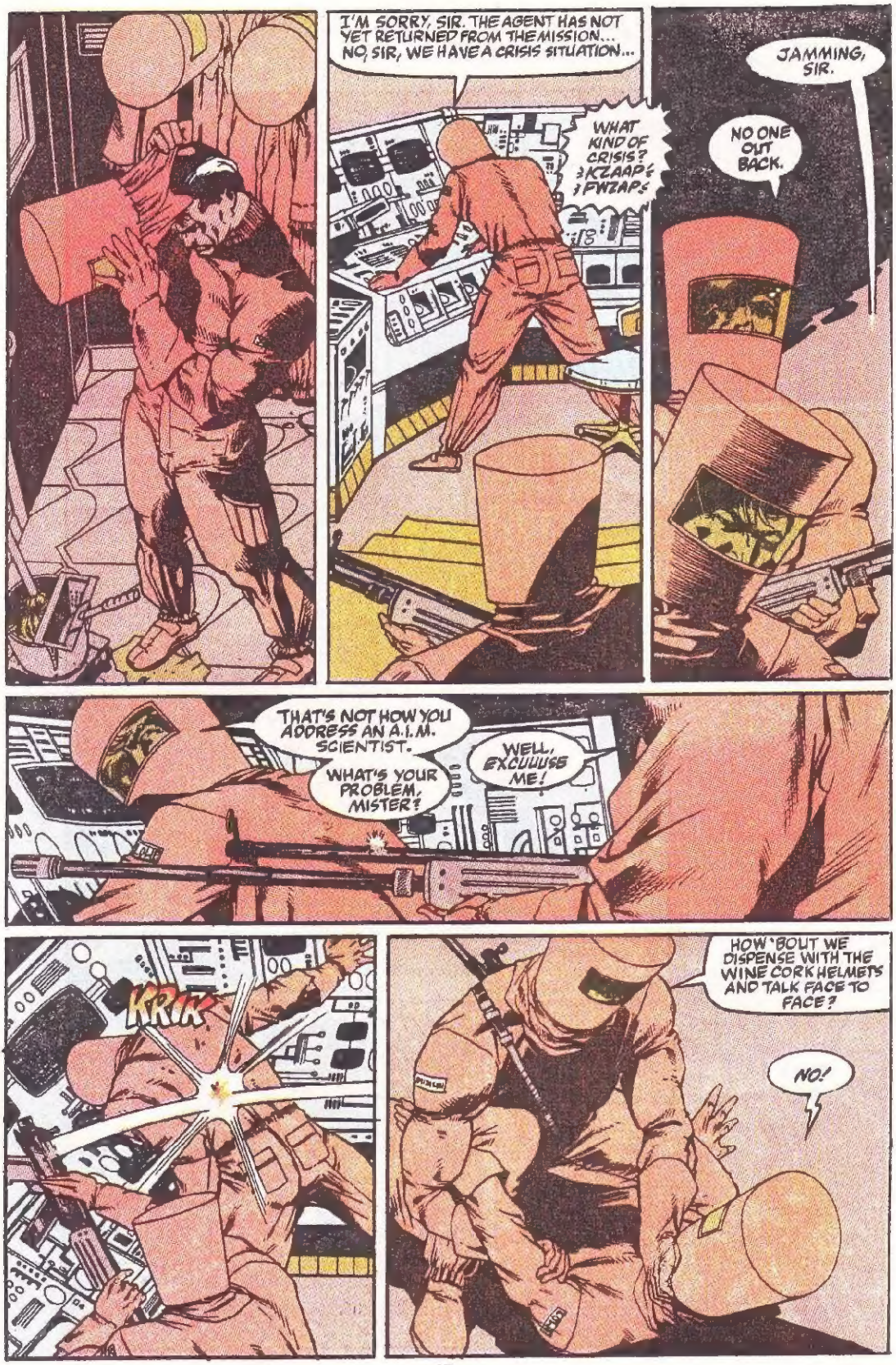

CLICK

LAB
BIO HAZARD
3
TOP SECRET
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, BUDDY!
CATCH!


ARGH!

UNGH... GOT SOME OF THAT STUFF IN ME... POP'LL FIX ME UP... LET'S SEE, THIS LOOKS ABOUT RIGHT.
THIS IS WEDGETECH SECURITY-- OUR MAN AT PROGAMMA IS NOT RESPONDING, POSSIBLE BREAK-IN-- SEND ASSISTANCE.
PUNISHER'S WAR JOURNAL-- UPSTATE NEW YORK. I RECEIVED A TIP THAT AIM, THE EXOTIC ARMS AND TECHNOLOGY SUPPLIER, HAS AGREED TO DEVELOP BIOLOGICAL WEAPONS FOR AN AS-YET UNDETERMINED CLIENT.
I FEED PROGAMMA INTO MY PATHFINDER AND ASK FOR THE ADDRESS OF THE NEAREST KNOWN AIM INSTALLATION, A DIESEL ENGINE MANUFACTURER IN THE TOWN OF SHERIDAN, TWENTY-FIVE MILES AWAY.
WHILE THE PEDS WASTE THEIR TIME LOOKING FOR CLUES, I'M 85% CERTAIN TO BAG THE SWAG MAN WHILE HE'S COUNTING HIS SCORE.

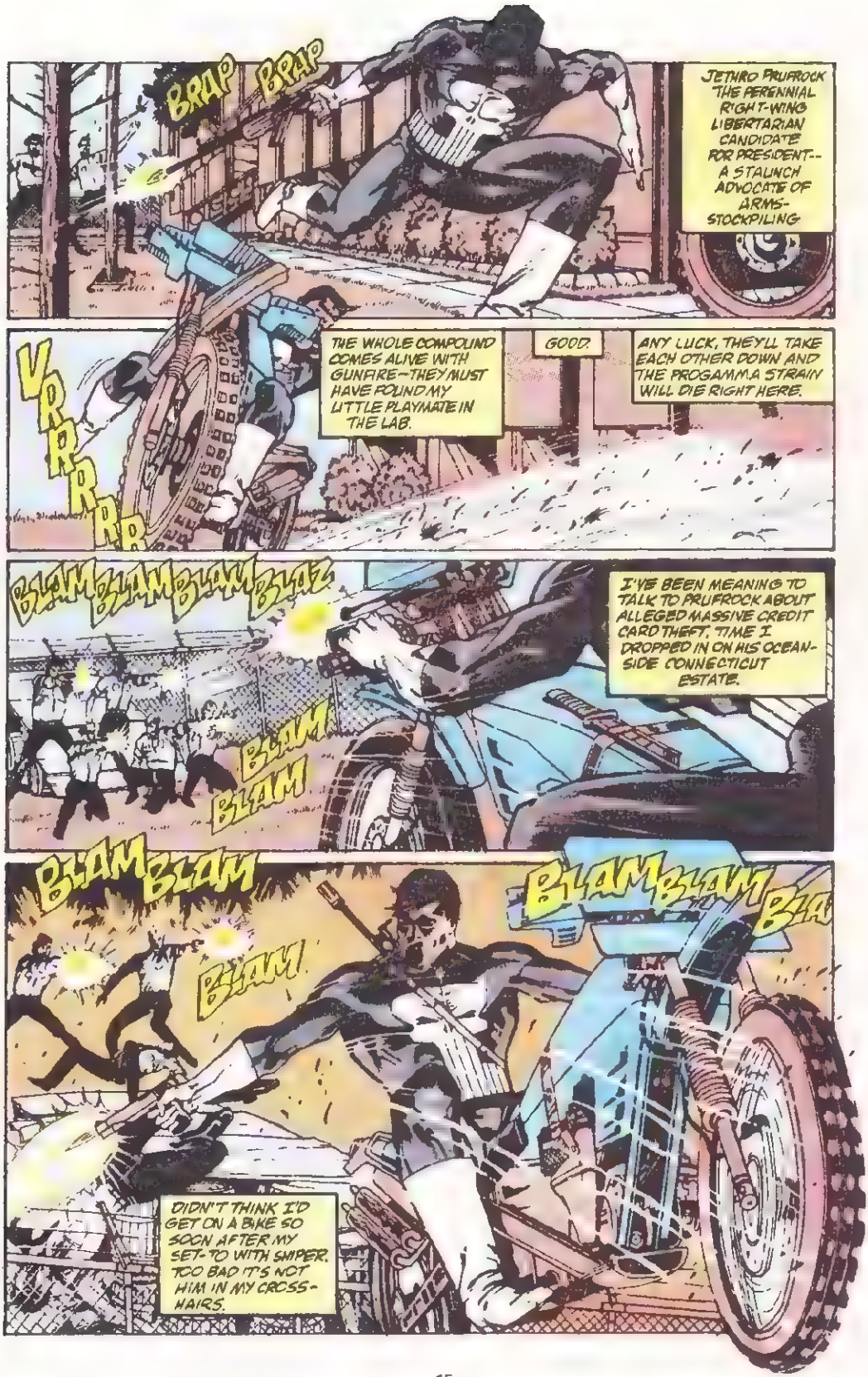

PROGAMMA SPECIALIZES IN NUCLEIC ACID SEQUENCING, D.N.A. CLONING, AND SYNTHESIZING UNICELLULAR ORGANISMS. THEY'VE BEEN WORKING ON A VIRUS THAT OVERPOWERS THE CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM, PRODUCING POWERFUL HALLUCINATIONS. IMAGINE A BAD ACID TRIP THAT SPREADS LIKE A COLD.
I SET A POWERFUL BURST TRANSMITTER A HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE MAIN ENTRANCE -- THIS OUGHT TO RING THEIR EARS.
AIM'S DISMISSED THE POSSIBILITY THAT THE ORGANISM COULD ESCAPE AS AN ACCEPTABLE RISK. DOUBTLESS THEY HAVE A PLAN TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF SUCH A SCENARIO.
THE MAIN DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MY BIKE AND MOST MOTO-CROSSERS IS THAT MINE HAS A MUFFLER -- IT'S QUIET AS A BENTLEY.
JAM
WUNCH


I'M SORRY, SIR. THE AGENT HAS NOT YET RETURNED FROM THE MISSION... NO, SIR, WE HAVE A CRISIS SITUATION...
WHAT KIND OF CRISIS? }KZAAP{ }PWZAP{
JAMMING, SIR.
NO ONE OUT BACK.
THAT'S NOT HOW YOU ADDRESS AN A.I.M. SCIENTIST.
WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM, MISTER?
WELL, EXCUUUSS ME!
KRIK
HOW 'BOUT WE DISPENSE WITH THE WINE CORK HELMETS AND TALK FACE TO FACE?
NO!

WHAT'S THE PROBLEM? LOOSE BIO-HAZARD? SOME LITTLE BUG YOU PICKED UPAT PROGAMMA?
WHERE IS IT? YOU GOT TWO SECONDS BEFORE I SLICE YOU OPEN LIKE A BAG OF KITTY LITTER
OUR AGENT'S IN THE COMPOUND, BUT HE NEVER CHECKED IN! WE THINK HE MUST BE INFECTED...
WHAT WERE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THE VIRUS?
I-I DUNNO! WE WERE HIRED TO GET IT BY JETHRO PRUFROCK--
HEY! YOU TALKING ABOUT ME? MY NOSE ITCHES!
KRAK

THEY SAY WHEN YOUR NOSE ITCHES, SOMEONE'S TALKING ABOUT YOU!
YOU ARE, AREN'T YOU?
GRUNK
WHAT DID YOU SAY, HUH? WHAT DID YOU SAY? DO YOU LIKE ME?
BRAAP
YOU DO LIKE ME-- I CAN TELL.
SHUT UP, GEORGE! CAN'T YOU DO ANYTHING RIGHT?
FATHER, I'M ONLY TRYING TO PLEASE YOU.

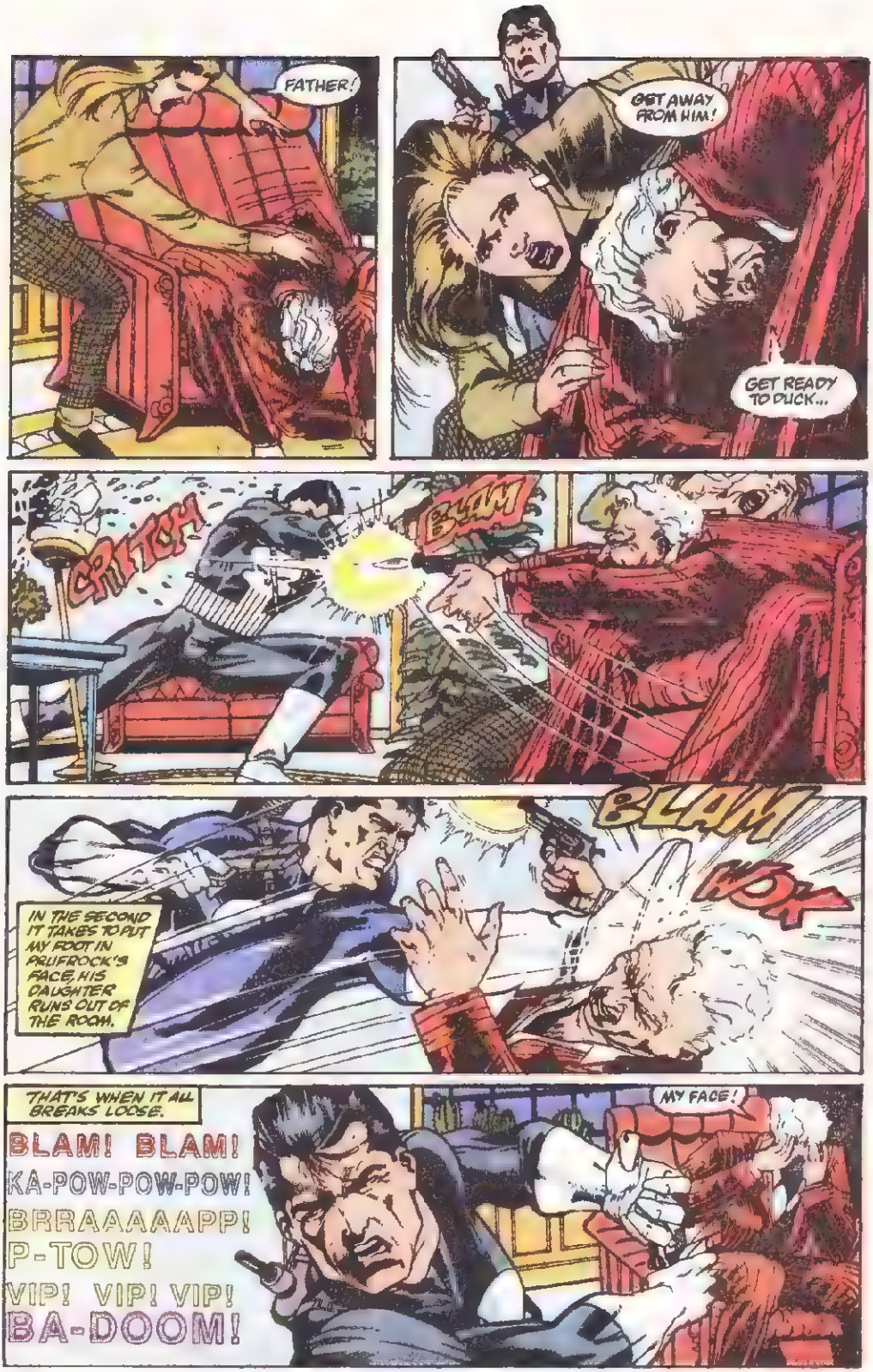
A ROCKET LAUNCHER WOULD TEAR THIS CREEP IN TWO, BUT THE NEAREST LAUNCHER'S IN MY TRUCK.
WHAT THE HECK-- IF GERM MAN'S BEEN PARADING AROUND IN THE OPEN AIR WE'RE ALL DOOMED ANYWAY.
RATS.
BRAAAAAP
BLAM
BLAM
THEY FINALLY FIGURED OUT THEY'D BEEN SUCKERED.


BRAP BRAP
JETHRO PRUFROCK THE PERENNIAL RIGHT-WING LIBERTARIAN CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT--A STAUNCH ADVOCATE OF ARMS-STOCKPILING
VRRRRRR
THE WHOLE COMPOUND COMES ALIVE WITH GUNFIRE--THEY MUST HAVE FOUND MY LITTLE PLAYMATE IN THE LAB.
GOOD.
ANY LUCK, THEY'LL TAKE EACH OTHER DOWN AND THE PROGAMMA STRAIN WILL DIE RIGHT HERE.
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
BLAM BLAM
I'VE BEEN MEANING TO TALK TO PRUFROCK ABOUT ALLEGED MASSIVE CREDIT CARD THEFT. TIME I DROPPED IN ON HIS OCEAN-SIDE CONNECTICUT ESTATE.
BLAM BLAM
BLAM!
BLAM BLAM
DIDN'T THINK I'D GET ON A BIKE SO SOON AFTER MY SET-TO WITH SNIPER. TOO BAD IT'S NOT HIM IN MY CROSS-HAIRS.

PRUFROCK TRIES TO PROJECT THE IMAGE OF A STATESMAN. FORCED CIVILITY IS SOMETHING I CAN USE AGAINST HIM.
YESSIR?
GOT A COMPLAINT--DOG BIT A WOMAN AND RAN ONTO YOUR PROPERTY. I'LL HAVE TO TAKE A LOOK.
I'M SORRY, SIR. I CAN'T ADMIT YOU WITHOUT MR. PRUFROCK'S PERMISSION.
LOOK, PAL, A RABID DOG IS NO LAUGHING MATTER. I DON'T NEED PRUFROCK'S PERMISSION TO SEARCH THE GROUNDS...
IF YOU GIVE ME ANY TROUBLE I'LL HAVE TO ISSUE A CITATION, AND MR. PRUFROCK DOESN'T NEED THAT ON TOP OF HIS OTHER PROBLEMS.
I'LL HAVE TO INFORM THE HOUSE.
YOU DO THAT.
ONCE I GET MY HANDS ON PRUFROCK, IT WON'T MATTER. I'LL CALL THE SHOTS.
I CAME IN THROUGH THE BATHROOM WINDOW...
WHO WAS IT?
PERKINS--SAYS HE HAD TO ADMIT AN ANIMAL CONTROL OFFICER TO LOOK FOR A RABID DOG.
GREAT! IN ADDITION TO YOUR GERM WARFARE, NOW WE HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT RABIES! YOU'D BETTER KEEP SIMBA INSIDE.

I'D LIKE TO KNOW HOW YOU EXPECT TO LAUNCH A CREDIBLE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN WHILE YOU'RE STOCKPILING BIOLOGICAL WEAPONS, NOT TO MENTION TURNING MY BROTHER INTO SOME KIND OF SPOOK! YOU THINK THAT'S WHAT DR WERTHAM MEANT WHEN HE SAID GEORGE NEEDED FOCUS?
MARTHA, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND THE FIRST THING ABOUT POLITICS. WE MUST PREPARE THIS COUNTRY FOR THE COMING CONFLAGRATION. WHEN THE AMERICAN PEOPLE SEE THAT I, AT LEAST, HAD THE WISDOM TO DEVELOP CREDIBLE BIOLOGICAL COUNTER-THREATS, THEY'LL SUPPORT ME. AND I SHOULD THINK YOU'D BE PLEASED YOUR BROTHER HAS AT LAST EXHIBITED AN APTITUDE FOR SOMETHING.
YOU DIDN'T DEVELOP A THING; PROGAMMA DID! AND YOU HIRED A GANG OF THUGS TO HELP GEORGE RIP THEM OFF!
THE VIRUS IS MINE! MY LOBBYING LED DIRECTLY TO ITS DEVELOPMENT! WHEN THIS WRETCHED ARMS REDUCTION BILL WAS SIGNED, THEY THREATENED TO DESTROY EVERYTHING FOR WHICH I WORKED!
DAD, I READ THE REPORT! THAT THING ISN'T SAFE! THEY DIDN'T GET THE EFFECT THEY WANTED--IT DOESN'T JUST PRODUCE HALLUCINATIONS, IT TURNS PEOPLE INTO HOMICIDAL MANIACS!
EVEN BETTER! ENEMY SOLDIERS WILL NOT BE ABLE TO CONTROL THEMSELVES. THEY'LL TURN ON EACH OTHER!
DAD! THE COLD WAR IS OVER! INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM IS NOT THE PROBLEM!
THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, YOUNG LADY. YOU'VE BEEN TAKEN IN LIKE ALL THE REST.

CRASH
ROWF! ROWF!
BLAM!
YIPE!
THAT'S RIGHT, PRUFROCK--GORBY HIMSELF SENT ME.
I KNEW IT.
I PUT SIX ROUNDS IN YOUR BOY GEORGE AND HE GOT RIGHT UP AND KEPT ON COMING.
YOU SHOT GEORGE?
YOU DIDN'T HEAR ME. IT DIDN'T FAZE HIM. HE'S BECOME INFECTED WITH YOUR SECRET WEAPON AND NOW HE'S SOME SORT OF HUMAN KILLING MACHINE.
IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THE FORMULA, I DON'T HAVE IT. GEORGE DOES BUT ACCORDING TO YOU.../COUGH-COUGH) MARTHA, GET MY MEDICINE.
HOLD IT. NOBODY LEAVES THE ROOM.
HAK!
BORK!
MARTHA-- MY PILLS!


FATHER!
GET AWAY FROM HIM!
GET READY TO DUCK...
CRITCH
BLAM
BLAM
WOK
IN THE SECOND IT TAKES TO PUT MY FOOT IN PRUFROCK'S FACE, HIS DAUGHTER RUNS OUT OF THE ROOM.
THAT'S WHEN IT ALL BREAKS LOOSE.
BLAM! BLAM!
KA-POW-POW-POW!
BRRAAAAAPP!
P-TOW!
VIP! VIP! VIP!
BA-DOOM!
MY FACE!

POP POP
YOU HEAR THAT, PRUFROCK, THAT'S AIM SHOOTING IT OUT WITH YOUR MEN. THEY'RE CONVINCED YOU SET THEM UP.
THAT'S CRAZY! I ONLY HIRED THEM TO HELP GEORGE!
ONE MOVE OUT OF YOU, AND I'LL BLOW YOU AWAY.
HA! NOT EVEN THE RUSSIANS ARE STUPID ENOUGH TO ASSASSINATE A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE!
NO? REMEMBER KENNEDY?
I KNEW IT! LISTEN, SON, IF YOU'D BE WILLING TO TESTIFY TO THAT, I COULD MAKE YOU A RICH MAN.
HSST! HOW MANY MEN DO YOU HAVE ON THE GROUNDS?
TWELVE FIRST-RATE MEN, ALL EX-MILITARY OR POLICE.
THE SHOOTING STOPPED... WHY DON'T THEY REPORT?
HELLO, HIGGINS? HIGGINS, REPORT!
MAYBE WE OUGHT TO MOVE UPSTAIRS, OR TO MORE SECURE QUARTERS...
SECURE? THIS ROOM IS THE SAFEST PLACE ON THE EAST COAST.
GET AWAY FROM THE WINDOW!

POP! I GOT IT!
KA-

I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT WHAT DR. WERTHAM SAID..
BLAM
BLA
THE HEADACHES ARE COMING BACK...
I DON'T WANT TO GO TO BANKING SCHOOL...

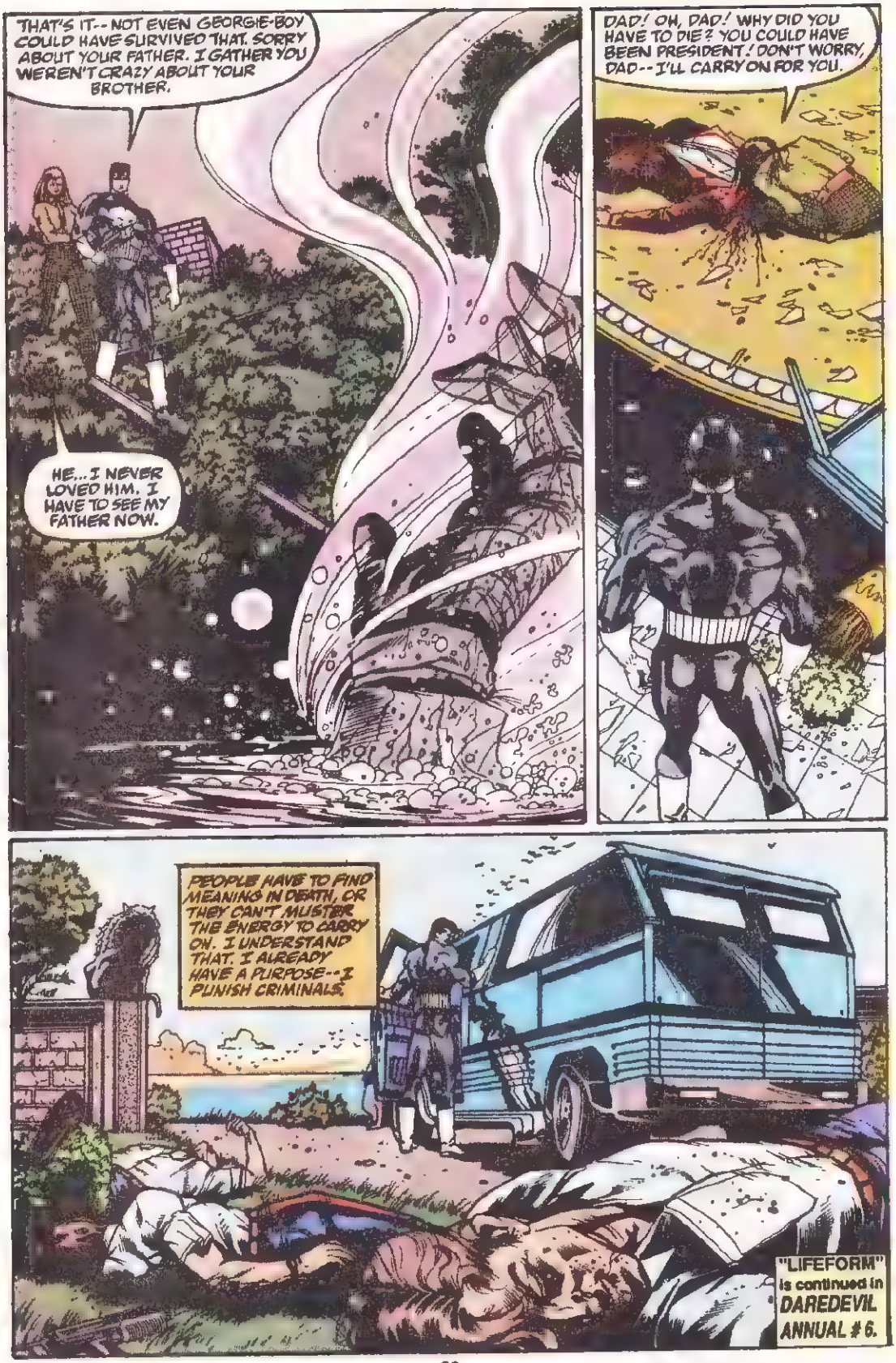
KILL HIM, SON! HE'S A RUSSIAN AGENT!
CRASH
PRUFROCK, YOU FOOL! I'M NOT YOUR ENEMY--THAT THING IS!
THAT'S MY BOY, YOU COMMIE MAGGOT! AND MY BOY IS A PATRIOT! ISN'T THAT RIGHT, SON?
POP, THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE GOT TO TELL YOU--

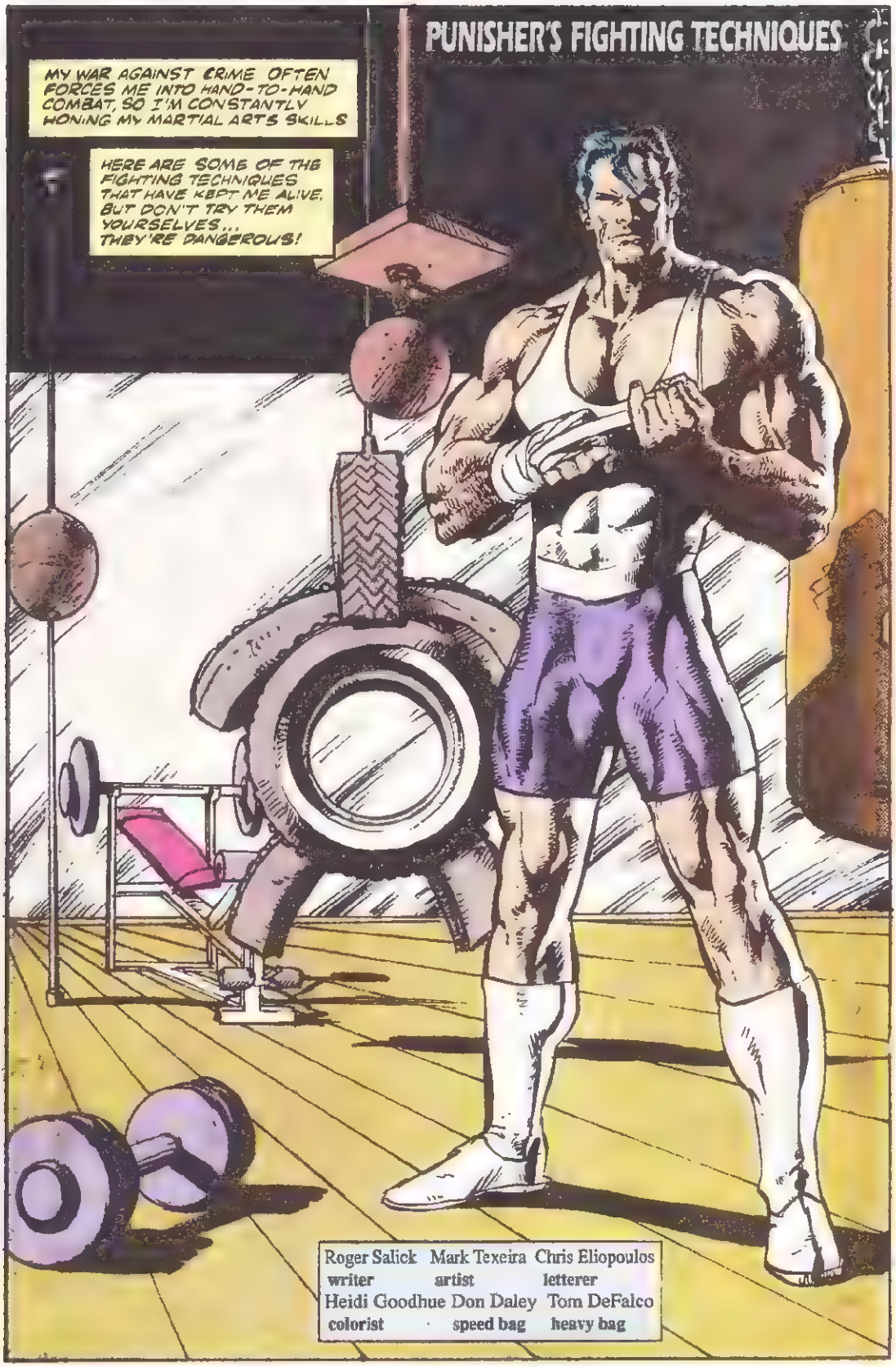
I HATE YOU!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
NOT ME! NOT ME! THE RUSSIAN!
I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M DOING THIS. WE'D ALL BE BETTER OFF IF PRUFROCK WOULD DISAPPEAR FROM THE AMERICAN SCENE.
GAK! CHOKE!
JAM!
GEORGES GOT A NECK LIKE A CEDAR TRUNK. MY K-BAR CAN'T CUT IT.

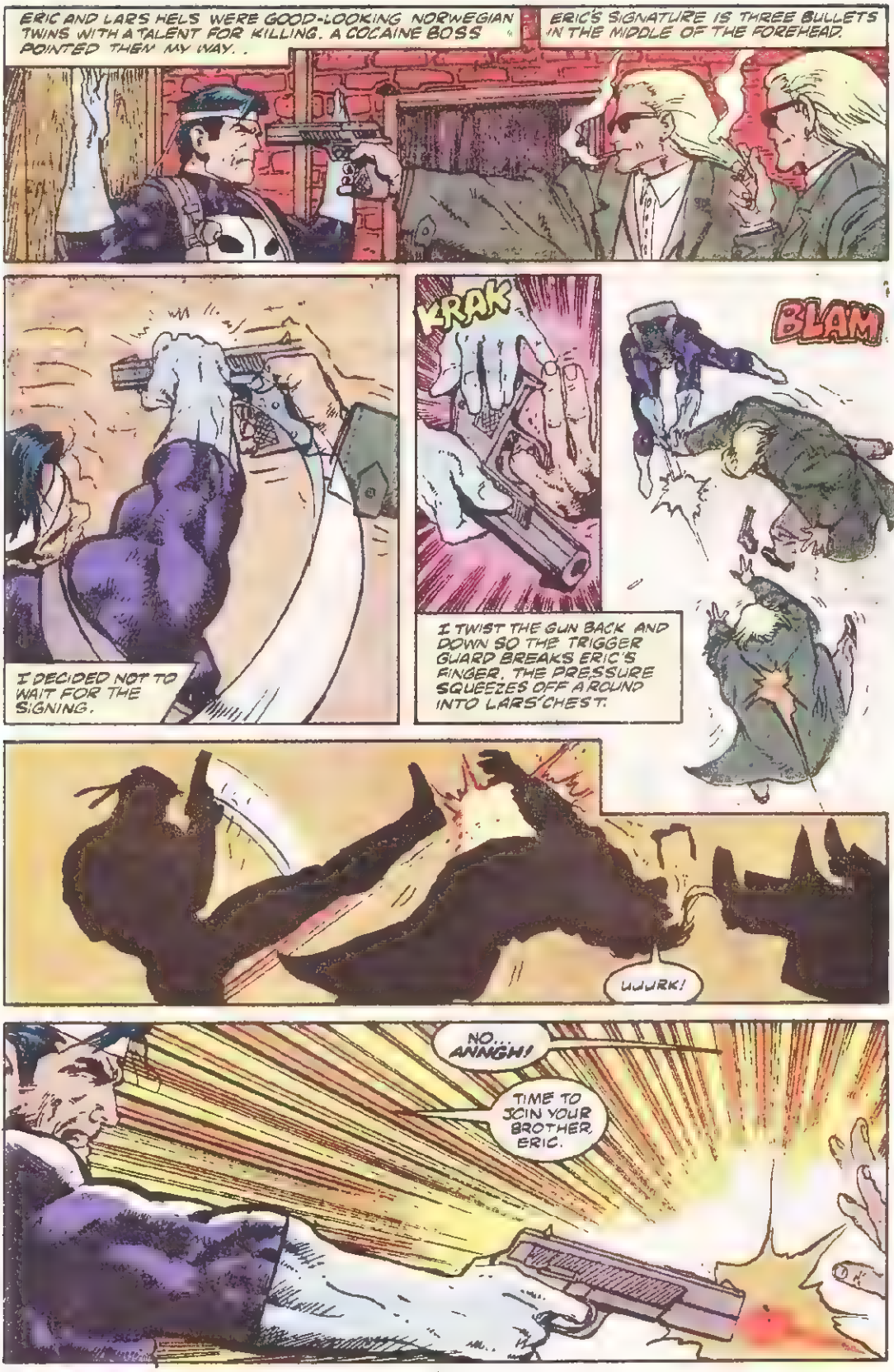
GEORGE! STOP IT!
GEORGE!
I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU, MARTHA...
BOOM BOOM
COME ON! THAT WON'T STOP HIM!
MY FATHER!
YOUR FATHER'S DEAD. WHERE DID YOU GET THAT SHOTGUN? DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING BIGGER?
ARMORY... IN THE YARD... THERE'S AN ANTI-TANK WEAPON...

JUST YOUR AVERAGE, ALL-AMERICAN ARSENAL, HUH? WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT GEORGIE-BOY? WAS HE ALWAYS LIKE THIS?
HE WAS JUST SUPPOSED TO BRING THE VIRUS...HE WANTED TO PROVE WHAT A BIG MAN HE WAS TO MY FATHER...
GET DOWN--I HEAR HIM.
FOOSH

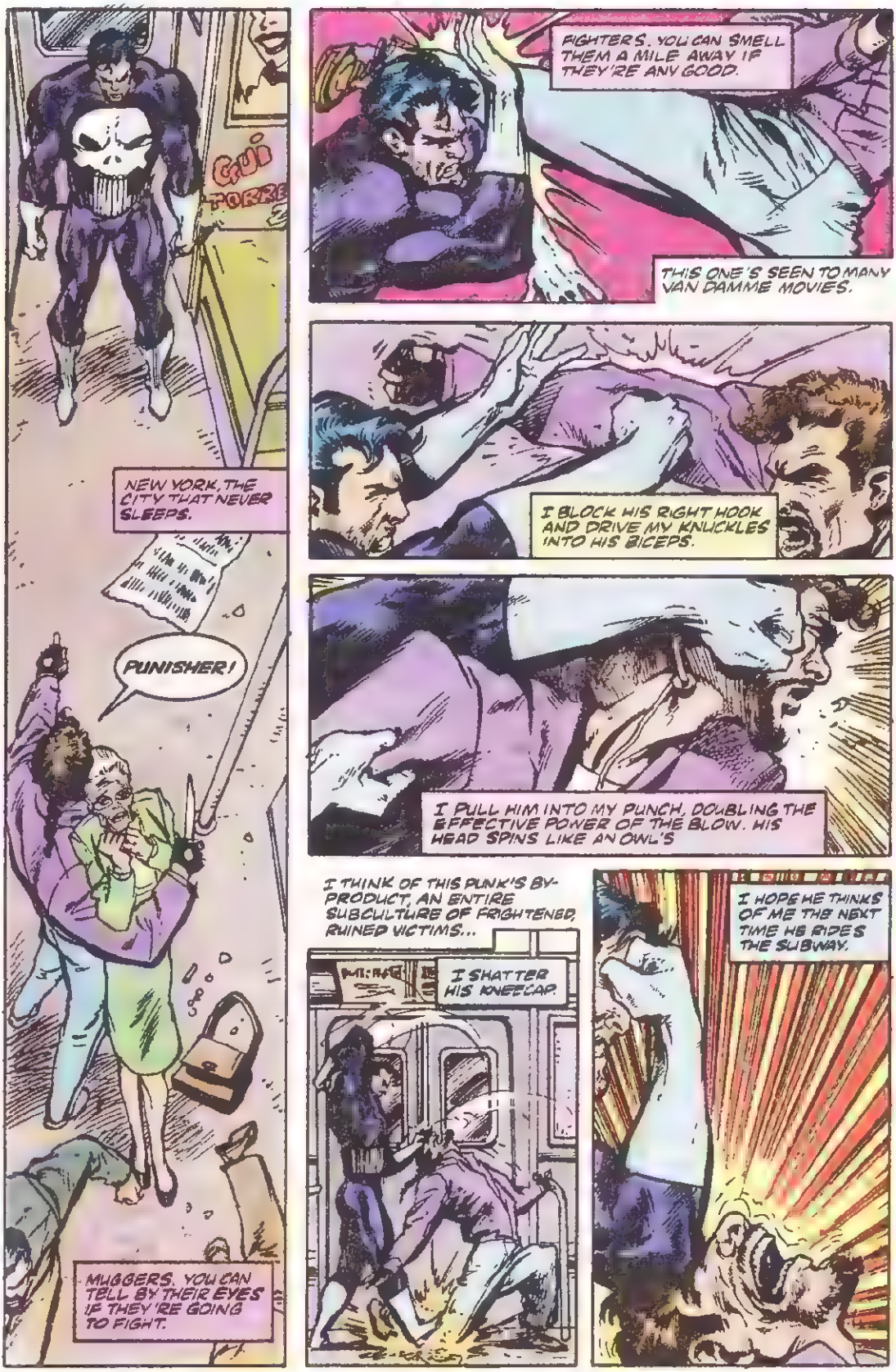
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I WANT TO SEE MY FATHER!
IN A MINUTE--STAY BEHIND ME--THERE'S NO GUARANTEE THAT THING IS DEAD..
WHERE IS HE?
STAY BACK.

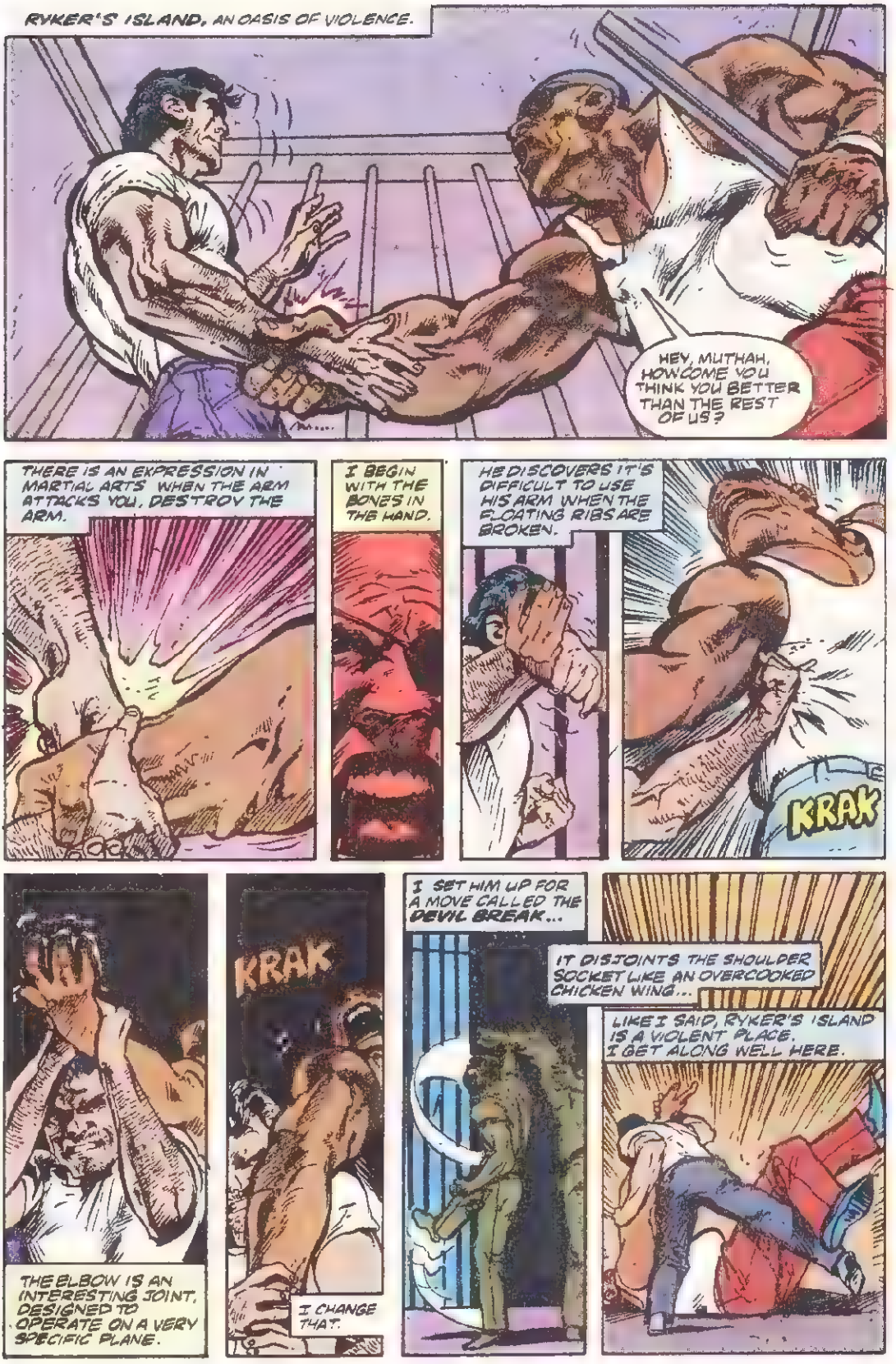

THAT'S IT-- NOT EVEN GEORGIE-BOY COULD HAVE SURVIVED THAT. SORRY ABOUT YOUR FATHER. I GATHER YOU WEREN'T CRAZY ABOUT YOUR BROTHER.
HE... I NEVER LOVED HIM. I HAVE TO SEE MY FATHER NOW.
DAD! OH, DAD! WHY DID YOU HAVE TO DIE? YOU COULD HAVE BEEN PRESIDENT! DON'T WORRY, DAD-- I'LL CARRY ON FOR YOU.
PEOPLE HAVE TO FIND MEANING IN DEATH, OR THEY CAN'T MUSTER THE ENERGY TO CARRY ON. I UNDERSTAND THAT. I ALREADY HAVE A PURPOSE-- I PUNISH CRIMINALS.
"LIFEFORM" is continued in DAREDEVIL ANNUAL # 6.

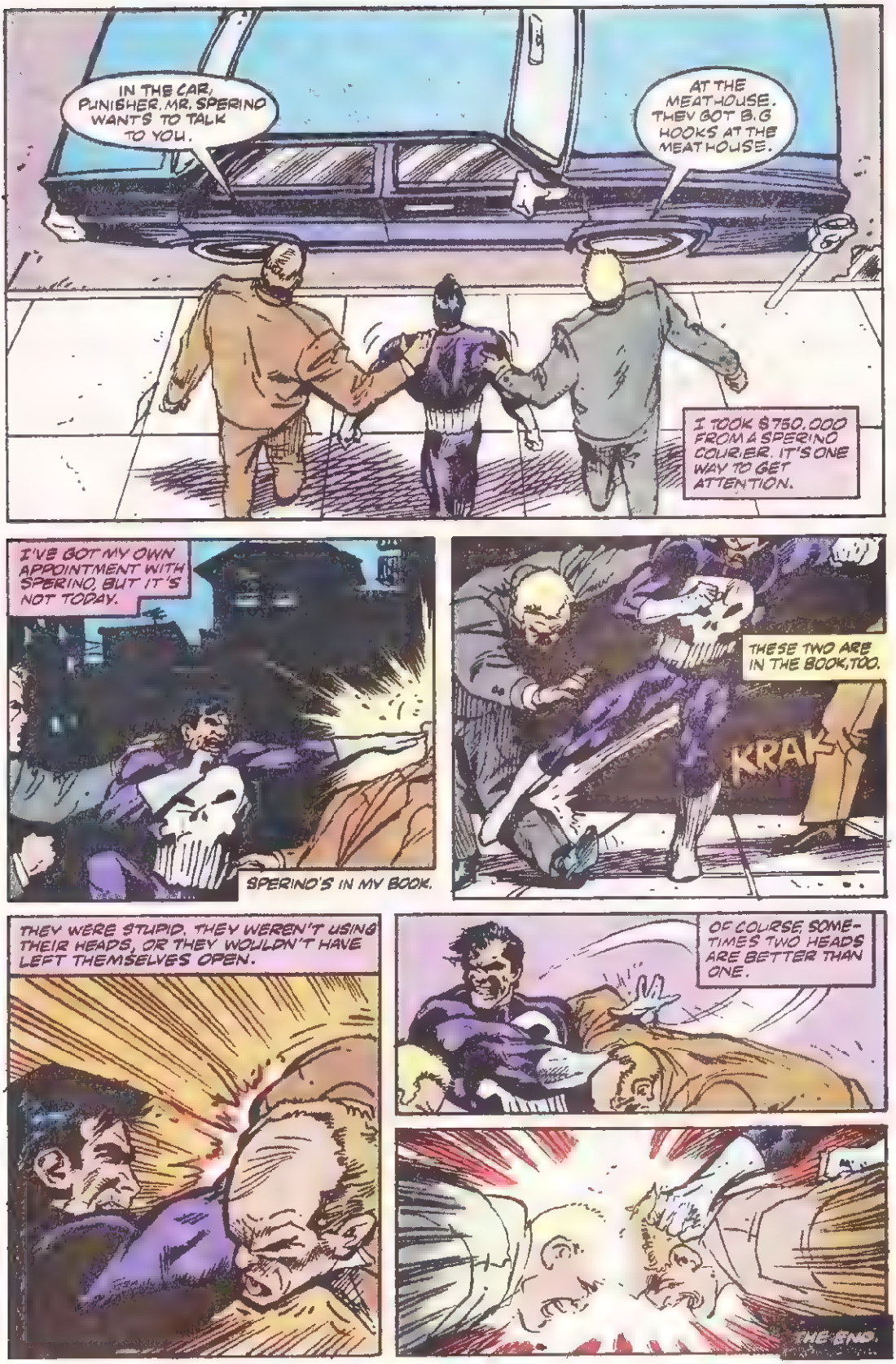

PUNISHER'S FIGHTING TECHNIQUES
MY WAR AGAINST CRIME OFTEN FORCES ME INTO HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT, SO I'M CONSTANTLY HONING MY MARTIAL ARTS SKILLS
HERE ARE SOME OF THE FIGHTING TECHNIQUES THAT HAVE KEPT ME ALIVE. BUT DON'T TRY THEM YOURSELVES... THEY'RE DANGEROUS!
Roger Salick writer
Mark Texeira artist
Chris Eliopoulos letterer
Heidi Goodhue colorist
Don Daley speed bag
Tom DeFalco heavy bag


ERIC AND LARS HELS WERE GOOD-LOOKING NORWEGIAN TWINS WITH A TALENT FOR KILLING. A COCAINE BOSS POINTED THEM MY WAY. .
ERIC'S SIGNATURE IS THREE BULLETS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FOREHEAD.
I DECIDED NOT TO WAIT FOR THE SIGNING.
KRAK
I TWIST THE GUN BACK AND DOWN SO THE TRIGGER GUARD BREAKS ERIC'S FINGER. THE PRESSURE SQUEEZES OFF A ROUND INTO LARS'CHEST.
BLAM
UUURK!
NO... ANNGH!
TIME TO JOIN YOUR BROTHER ERIC.

IT HAPPENS SOMETIMES. . NO MATTER HOW CAREFUL YOU ARE, TROUBLE FINDS YOU...
...TROUBLE LIKE TOMASINI, A SMIRKING, TWO-BIT CUTTER ITCHING FOR SOME CONTRACT MONEY...
PUNISHER, YOU DON'T LOOK SO TOUGH FROM WHERE I'M STANDING...
TOMASINI'S BALISONG CAN MAKE SUSHI OUT OF YOU IN A HEARTBEAT. WHEN HE BLINKS, I MOVE.
SOMETHING IN THERE POPS...
WHOOF!
I TENDERIZE HIM...
...THROW AN ARM BAR ON HIM, CRACKING HIS ELBOW...THEN I STUFF HIS UGLY FACE INTO THE WALL.
I NOTICE TOMASINI'S NOT SMIRKING ANY MORE.


NEW YORK, THE CITY THAT NEVER SLEEPS.
PUNISHER!
MUGGERS. YOU CAN TELL BY THEIR EYES IF THEY'RE GOING TO FIGHT.
FIGHTERS. YOU CAN SMELL THEM A MILE AWAY IF THEY'RE ANY GOOD.
THIS ONE'S SEEN TO MANY VAN DAMME MOVIES.
I BLOCK HIS RIGHT HOOK AND DRIVE MY KNUCKLES INTO HIS BICEPS.
I PULL HIM INTO MY PUNCH, DOUBLING THE EFFECTIVE POWER OF THE BLOW. HIS HEAD SPINS LIKE AN OWL'S
I THINK OF THIS PUNK'S BY-PRODUCT, AN ENTIRE SUBCULTURE OF FRIGHTENED, RUINED VICTIMS...
I SHATTER HIS KNEECAP.
I HOPE HE THINKS OF ME THE NEXT TIME HE RIDES THE SUBWAY.

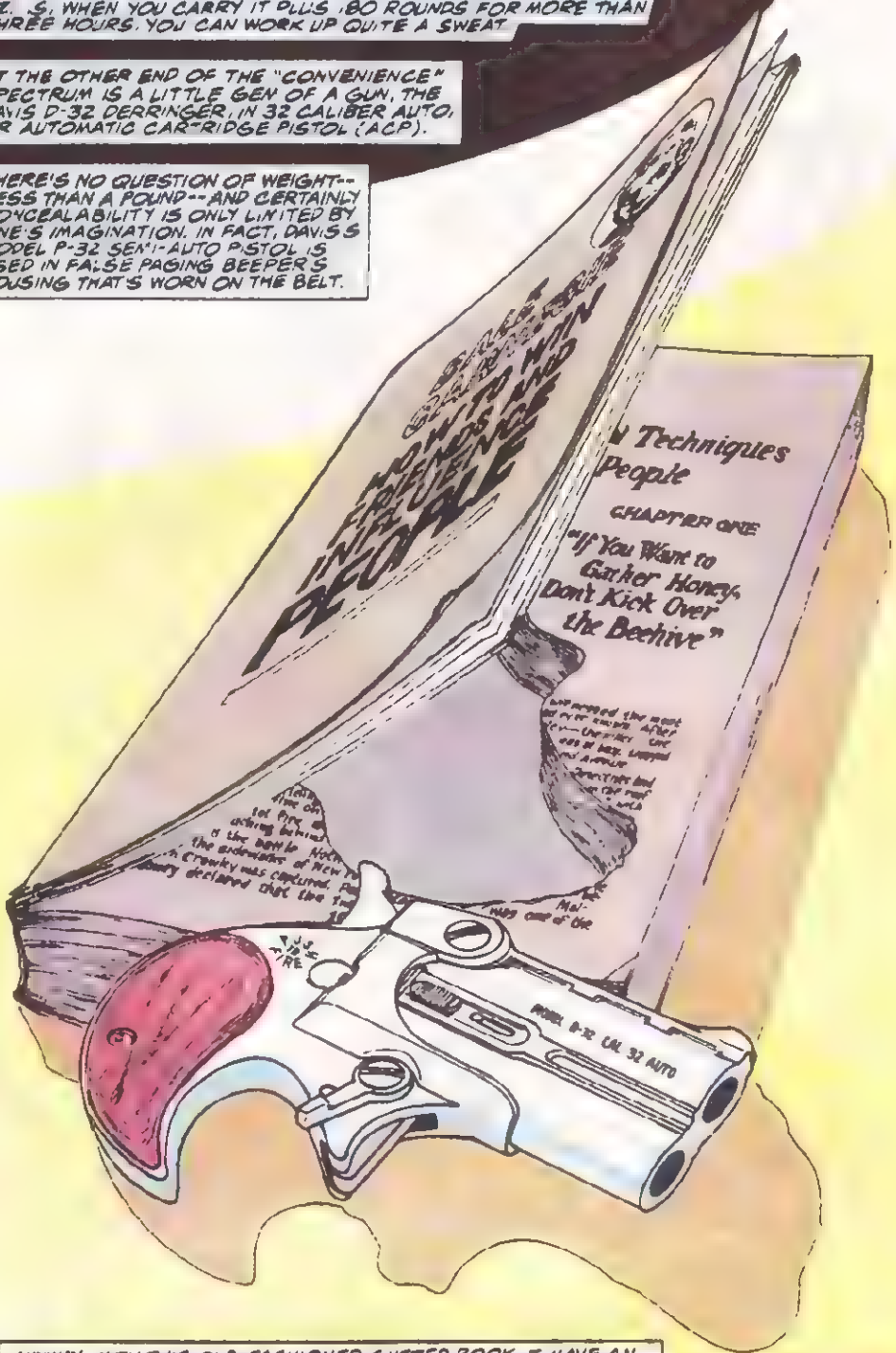

RYKER'S ISLAND, AN OASIS OF VIOLENCE.
HEY, MUTHAH, HOWCOME YOU THINK YOU BETTER THAN THE REST OF US?
THERE IS AN EXPRESSION IN MARTIAL ARTS WHEN THE ARM ATTACKS YOU, DESTROY THE ARM.
I BEGIN WITH THE BONES IN THE HAND.
HE DISCOVERS IT'S DIFFICULT TO USE HIS ARM WHEN THE FLOATING RIBS ARE BROKEN.
KRAK
THE ELBOW IS AN INTERESTING JOINT, DESIGNED TO OPERATE ON A VERY SPECIFIC PLANE.
KRAK
I CHANGE THAT.
I SET HIM UP FOR A MOVE CALLED THE DEVIL BREAK...
IT DISJOINTS THE SHOULDER SOCKET LIKE AN OVERCOOKED CHICKEN WING...
LIKE I SAID, RYKER'S ISLAND IS A VIOLENT PLACE. I GET ALONG WELL HERE.


IN THE CAR, PUNISHER. MR. SPERINO WANT'S TO TALK TO YOU.
AT THE MEATHOUSE. THEY GOT B.G HOOKS AT THE MEATHOUSE.
I TOOK $750,000 FROM A SPERINO COURIER. IT'S ONE WAY TO GET ATTENTION.
I'VE GOT MY OWN APPOINTMENT WITH SPERINO, BUT IT'S NOT TODAY.
SPERINO'S IN MY BOOK.
THESE TWO ARE IN THE BOOK, TOO.
KRAK!
THEY WERE STUPID. THEY WEREN'T USING THEIR HEADS, OR THEY WOULDN'T HAVE LEFT THEMSELVES OPEN.
OF COURSE, SOMETIMES TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE.
THE END.

THERE ARE TIMES WHEN CARRYING THE POTENTIALLY APPROPRIATE WEAPON CAN GET DONNRIGHT WEARYING. AS LIGHT AS A MINI-UZ. S, WHEN YOU CARRY IT PLUS 180 ROUNDS FOR MORE THAN THREE HOURS, YOU CAN WORK UP QUITE A SWEAT.

AT THE OTHER END OF THE "CONVENIENCE" SPECTRUM IS A LITTLE GEM OF A GUN, THE DAVIS D-32 DERRINGER, IN 32 CALIBER AUTO, OR AUTOMATIC CARTRIDGE PISTOL (ACP).

THERE'S NO QUESTION OF WEIGHT--LESS THAN A POUND--AND CERTAINLY CONCEALABILITY IS ONLY LIMITED BY ONE'S IMAGINATION. IN FACT, DAVIS'S MODEL P-32 SEMI-AUTO PISTOL IS USED IN FALSE PAGING BEEPER'S HOUSING THAT'S WORN ON THE BELT.



ANYWAY, WITH THIS OLD-FASHIONED GUTTED BOOK, I HAVE AN ASSUMED VULNERABILITY.. JUST YOUR AVERAGE SUNDAY-IN-THE-PARK BOOK READER... BUT LIKE OLD MR CARNEGIE SAYS: "DON'T KICK OVER THE BEEHIVE."

eliot r. brown

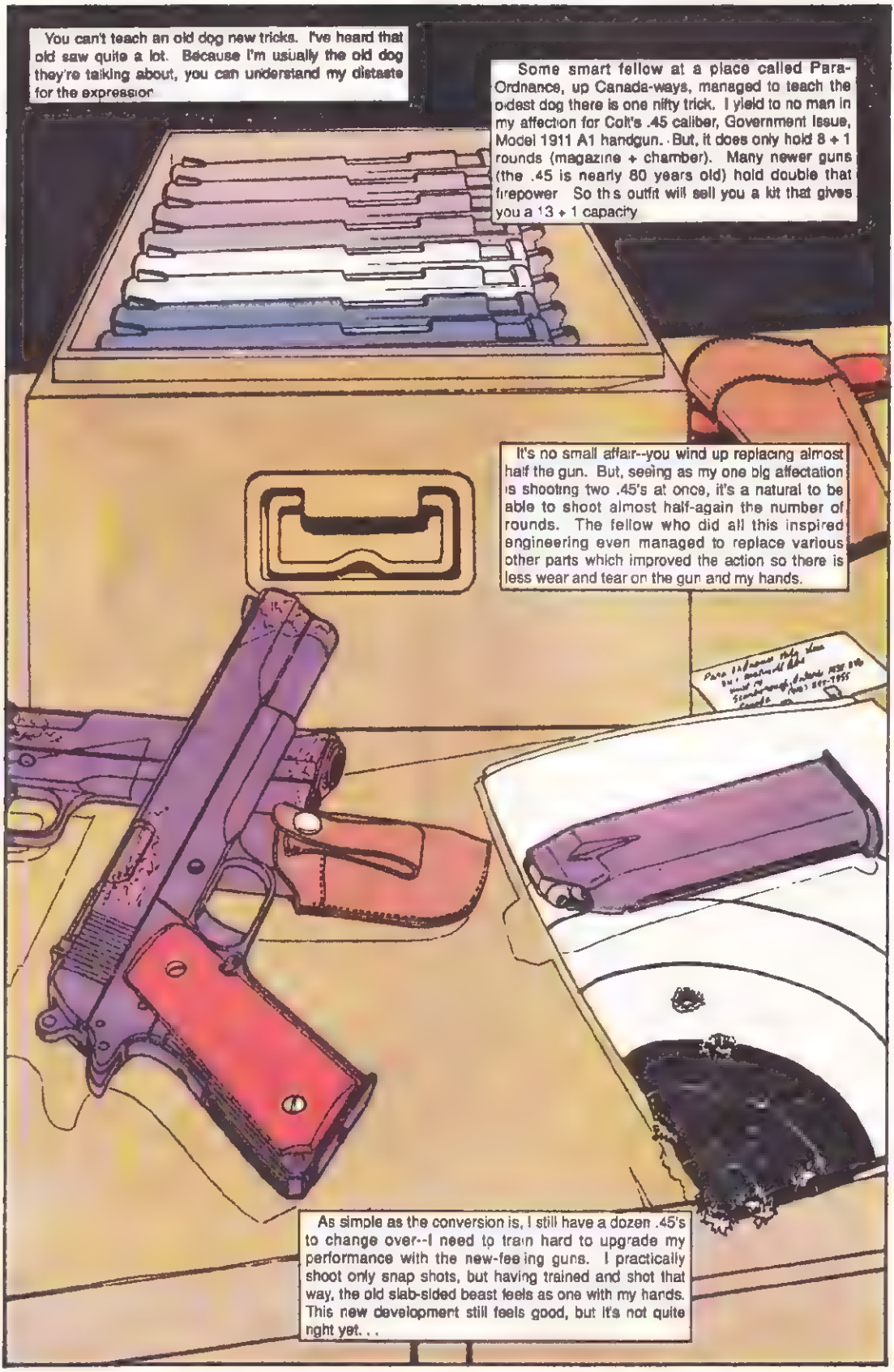
THE ONE PROBLEM WITH AUTOMATIC WEAPONS IS THAT WHEN A REALLY GOOD ONE COMES ALONG, YOU WANT TO USE IT. AND USE IT AND USE IT.

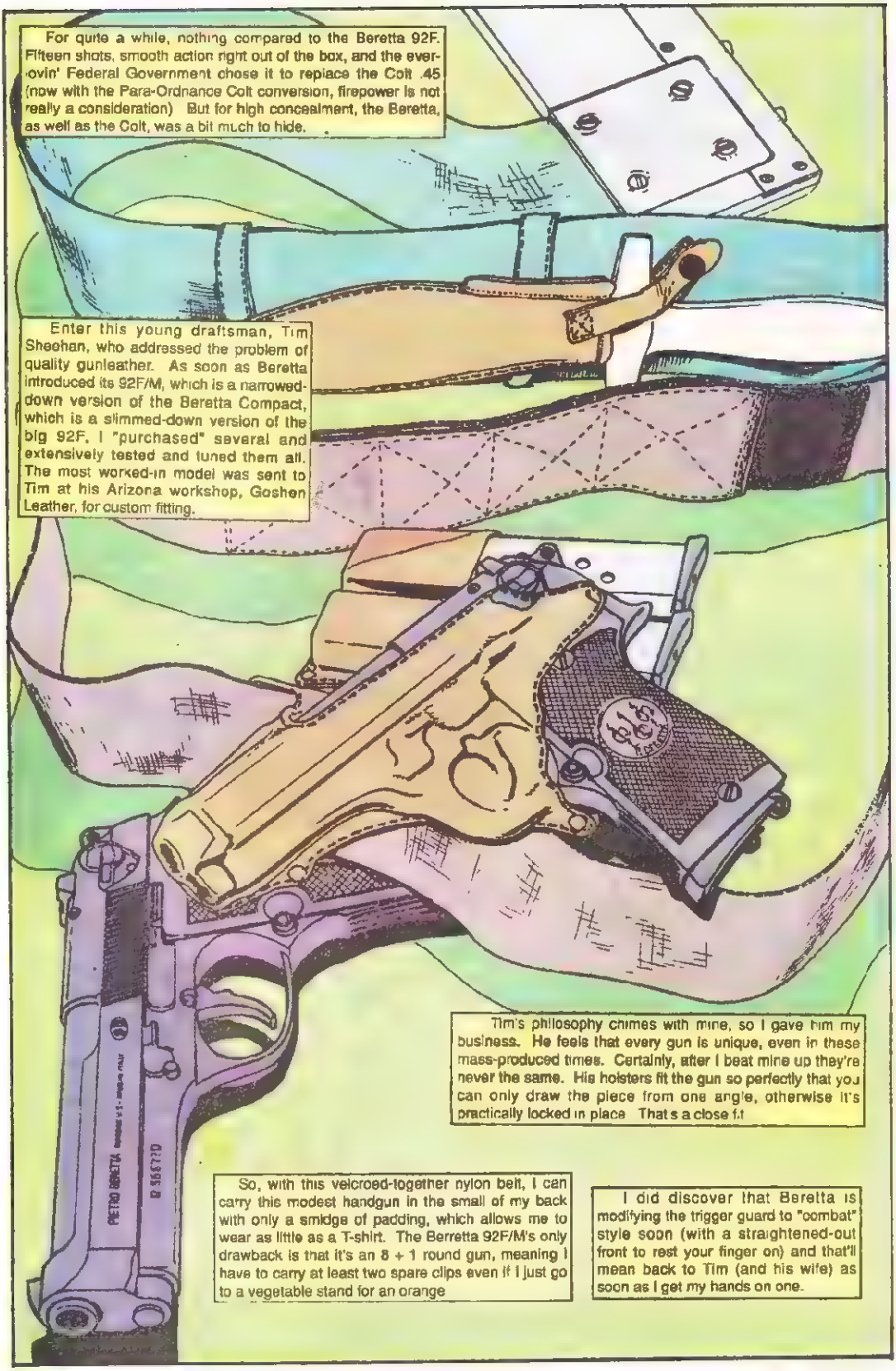
THE TEC-9 SERIES IS AN EXTRAORDINARY BARGAIN BY TODAY'S STANDARDS. A STRIPPED-DOWN UZI CAN COST 900 BUCKS; WHILE THIS GUY IS AROUND $600 AFTER 500 ROUNDS. THERE IS A NEW SMOOTHNESS TO THE ACTION. TELLING ME THIS GUN WAS DESIGNED TO BE USED HARD.

NOT ONLY HAS THE COST OF GUNS GONE THROUGH THE ROOF -- BULLETS ARE SKYROCKETING, TOO. WELL, WITH ONE ECONOMY IN MIND, I DECIDED TO SWITCH OVER TO NON-BRASS CARTRIDGE CASING. THE BRASS IS PRETTIER, BUT 50 CENTS APIECE IS TOO MUCH.

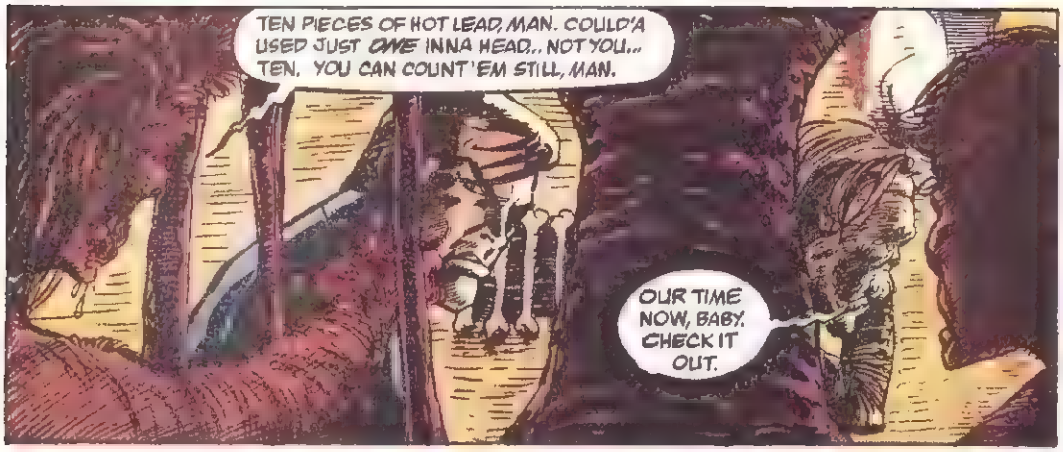
SO, NOW THERE IS A DOUBLE SENSE OF EFFICIENCY AS I MAINTAIN PROFICIENCY. INTRATEC'S 36-ROUND CLIP NOW COSTS ONLY 9 BUCKS TO FILL AND FEELS GREAT WHILE BEING EMPTIED.

eliot r. brown


You can't teach an old dog new tricks. I've heard that old saw quite a lot. Because I'm usually the old dog they're talking about, you can understand my distaste for the expression.
Some smart fellow at a place called Para-Ordnance, up Canada-ways, managed to teach the oldest dog there is one nifty trick. I yield to no man in my affection for Colt's .45 caliber, Government Issue, Model 1911 A1 handgun. But, it does only hold 8 + 1 rounds (magazine + chamber). Many newer guns (the .45 is nearly 80 years old) hold double that firepower. So this outfit will sell you a kit that gives you a 13 + 1 capacity.
It's no small affair--you wind up replacing almost half the gun. But, seeing as my one big affectation is shooting two .45's at once, it's a natural to be able to shoot almost half-again the number of rounds. The fellow who did all this inspired engineering even managed to replace various other parts which improved the action so there is less wear and tear on the gun and my hands.
As simple as the conversion is, I still have a dozen .45's to change over--I need to train hard to upgrade my performance with the new-feeling guns. I practically shoot only snap shots, but having trained and shot that way, the old slab-sided beast feels as one with my hands. This new development still feels good, but it's not quite right yet. . .


For quite a while, nothing compared to the Beretta 92F. Fifteen shots, smooth action right out of the box, and the ever-lovin' Federal Government chose it to replace the Colt .45 (now with the Para-Ordnance Colt conversion, firepower is not really a consideration) But for high concealment, the Beretta, as well as the Colt, was a bit much to hide.
Enter this young draftsman, Tim Sheehan, who addressed the problem of quality gunleather. As soon as Beretta introduced its 92F/M, which is a narrowed-down version of the Beretta Compact, which is a slimmed-down version of the big 92F, I "purchased" several and extensively tested and tuned them all. The most worked-in model was sent to Tim at his Arizona workshop, Goshen Leather, for custom fitting.
Tim's philosophy chimes with mine, so I gave him my business. He feels that every gun is unique, even in these mass-produced times. Certainly, after I beat mine up they're never the same. His holsters fit the gun so perfectly that you can only draw the piece from one angle, otherwise it's practically locked in place That's a close fit
So, with this velcroed-together nylon belt, I can carry this modest handgun in the small of my back with only a smidge of padding, which allows me to wear as little as a T-shirt. The Berretta 92F/M's only drawback is that it's an 8 + 1 round gun, meaning I have to carry at least two spare clips even if I just go to a vegetable stand for an orange
I did discover that Beretta is modifying the trigger guard to "combat" style soon (with a straightened-out front to rest your finger on) and that'll mean back to Tim (and his wife) as soon as I get my hands on one.

COME, PUNISHER. YOU FOLLOW.
NEW HOME. LIKE OLD. SAME PAIN. SAME DEATH.
FOREWARNED OR FOREFOLD.
GREGORY WRIGHT WRITER
LEE SULLIVAN PENCILER
KIM DEMULDER INKS
EVAN SKOLNICK COLOR
RICK PARKER LETTERS
DON DALEY EDITOR
TOM DEFALCO EDITOR IN CHIEF


TEN PIECES OF HOT LEAD, MAN. COULD'A USED JUST ONE INNA HEAD,, NOT YOU,,, TEN. YOU CAN COUNT 'EM STILL, MAN.
OUR TIME NOW, BABY. CHECK IT OUT.

I JUST WANT HIS HEART! YUM, YUM!
WORRY NOT.
DON'T. PROBABLY RANCID.

I GOT FUN FOR YOU, LIKE YOU GAVE ME!

WRATH REGAINED HOME EARLY. YOU BLAMED. FAULT YOURS.

DESPAIR NOT. HOME THIS. MASTER AWAITS. TIME NEVER-ENDING.

RRRrrrr
SURPRISED?
SURPRISED TO SEE YOUR OLD FRIEND.. THE KINGPIN OF CRIME?
NOW, WE BOTH KNEW WE'D END IT HERE...

...AND I ALWAYS KNEW I'D HAVE THE UPPER HAND!
YOU...
..WERE AN INSECT TO BE SQUASHED.
NOTHING'S CHANGED.
PUNISH HIM.

LIKE THIS? IS THIS RIGHT? C'MON, PUN-BABY, YOU GOT THE MOVES!
MY TURN! I STUDIED YA FROM THE PAPERS. GOT A WHOLE SCRAPBOOK ON YA. I WANNA BE YOU!
WE ARE YOU. NO DIFFERENT. HOW'S IT FEEL?
IT'S OUR TIME.
OUR RIGHT.
ENJOY IT... FOREVER.
PUNISHER
KBLAM KBLAM
WELCOME HOME. STAY AWHILE.

HNNNHHH
NIGHTMARE.
I'M NOT A ROLE MODEL. UNFEASIBLE SCENARIO.
I'D NEVER BE CAUGHT UNAWARE, UNPREPARED FOR THE WAR
PRSSHHH
I AM GOING TO
I HAVE NO REGRETS.
THEY'LL BE WAITING FOR ME.
WHEN I ARRIVE, THEY'LL WISH THEY'D SENT ME TO HEAVEN.

stan lee presents: MICROCHIP IN PHILANTHROPY
Mike Baron script
Mark Texeira breakdowns
Dwayne Turner finishes
Rick Parker letters
Brad Vancata colors
Don Daley editor
Tom DeFalco film-flam man
YOU HAVE REACHED A NUMBER. IT IS A WRONG NUMBER. GOODBYE... BEEP!
YO, FRANK! CHECK OUT MY NEW DIGS, 227 PENSTER ST. BY THE DOCKS. YOU CAN'T MISS IT--IT'S THE ONLY OLIVE OIL IMPORT JOINT ON THE BLOCK.
GOT ME A SINK AND A MICROWAVE...WHAT MORE DO I NEED?
WHAT THE--?
AN OLD WOMAN--SHE COLLAPSED!
CRUD. I'M NOT BUILT FOR 911 RESCUE
PUFF-PANT. IT WAS THIS APARTMENT...
61
KNOK
KNOK
MA'AM? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

HELP ME, PLEASE...
I'M COMIN', LADY... I GOTTA BUST INTO FT. KNOX FIRST...
HELLO?
I CAN'T GET UP
SHORTLY..
SO, MRS. ROSEN... WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE PROBLEM?
I GUESS I WAS A LITTLE FAINT FROM HUNGER... NORMALLY, MY FUNDS STRETCH THE WHOLE MONTH...
BUT SAVE OUR CHILDREN FOUNDATION WAS SO INSISTENT... AND IF I CAN HELP SAVE A CHILD... I SENT THEM MY LAST DOLLAR. I'M JUST TRYING TO HANG ON UNTIL MY NEXT CHECK.
"SAVE OUR CHILDREN," HUH? HOW DID THEY GET HOLD OF YOU?
THEY CALLED ME ONE DAY OUT OF THE BLUE. I COULD HEAR THE STARVING CHILDREN CRYING IN THE BACKGROUND.
HOW COULD I REFUSE? THEY'VE BEEN CALLING ME EVER SINCE. WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
JUST CHECKING YOUR PHONE, MRS. R. MAKING SURE EVERYTHING IS WORKING.
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK, MRS. R. I'M GOING TO SPOT YOU A COUPLE T.V. DINNERS TILL PAYDAY, THAT ALL RIGHT?
THANK YOU, LINUS. I'LL PAY YOU BACK AS SOON AS I CAN.
MRS. ROSEN GAVE ME A P.O. BOX IN HOUSTON WHERE SHE SENDS THE CHECKS. TWO DAYS LATER THEY CALL AGAIN... NOW I GOT A PHONE NUMBER AND ADDRESS, TOO. THINK I'LL TAKE THE LATEST BATTLE VAN ON A SHAKEDOWN CRUISE...

HOUSTON, TWO DAYS LATER.
HMM. PRETTY IMPRESSIVE ADDRESS FOR A CHARITABLE ORGANIZATION... I WONDER WHAT ELSE IS IN THERE..
PUBLIC RELATIONS CO.
CELT METAL INVESTMENT
SAVE OUR CHILDREN CO.
YODELIN' SAM MUSIC CO
PRECIOUS METAL EXC
ZIRCONIUM MAXIMUS C
THEY HAVE THE WHOLE SECOND FLOOR... I'LL CHECK THE STATE LICENSING BOARD FOR THE ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION..
ROGER BOELTER IS THE COMMON DENOMINATOR... BUSTED FOR MAIL FRAUD IN OKLAHOMA IN '79. SEEMS HE RAIDED THE SOCIAL SECURITY ROLLS FOR H S PHONE LIST...
HARDWARE
... TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME.
HERE YA GO, BUDDY. TWO HUNDRED FEET OF COPPER WIRE, RUBBER SHEATHING... WHAT DID YOU SAY YOU WERE BUILDING?
A MAGNET. I'M A BEACHCOMBER.
WITH THE AUXILIARY GENERATORS, I CAN PUMP 6,000 VOLTS THROUGH THIS LITTLE BABY.. THAT OUGHT TO SHAKE UP THEIR COMPUTERS!
AFTER SHEATHING THE VAN'S ELECTRICALS IN HEAVY RUBBER, I DO A DRIVE-BY, FIRING BURSTS OF MAGNETISM AT THE SECOND FLOOR WINDOWS.

THE COMPUTERS ARE DOWN, MR. BOELTER.
OUR CHILDREN
WHAT AM I PAYING YOU FOR? USE YOUR BRAIN -- CALL THE REPAIR SERVICE!
THIS IS LINDA AT THE BOELTER GROUP. ALL OUR COMPUTERS ARE DOWN...
MR. BOELTER WILL PAY DOUBLE YOUR USUAL FEE.
IN THAT CASE, I'LL SEND SOMEONE RIGHT OVER.
SAVE OUR CHILDREN
COMPUTER REPAIR, MA'AM.
THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE HERE! GO RIGHT IN...
IF YOU, LIKE MILLIONS OF OTHERS, LOVE THE MUSIC OF YODELIN' SAM, YOU CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT THIS 22 SONG CASSETTE!
YOU THE REPAIR PERSON? YOU TOOK LONG ENOUGH!
WE PUT YOU AHEAD OF 23 OTHER CLIENTS, MR. BOELTER.
YOU LIKE YODELIN' SAM?
I'M A JAZZ FAN.
HMPH! BUG MUSIC! STEP ON IT, PAL. EVERY MINUTE WITHOUT THOSE COMPUTERS COSTS US THOUSANDS. THE PEOPLE ARE CRAZY FOR YODELIN' SAM! I'VE GOT HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF ORDERS WAITING TO SHIP.
I ACCESS THEIR BACK-UP SYSTEMS AND DIAL-UP ROGER'S PERSONAL FINANCIAL STATEMENT. HE'S ESPECIALLY FOND OF NUMBERED BANK ACCOUNTS IN THE BAHAMAS...

GOTTA CHECK YOUR SYSTEM NEXT, MR. BOELTER.
ALL RIGHT. I'M GOING TO LUNCH. YOU'D BETTER HAVE THIS SYSTEM BACK UP BY THE TIME I RETURN.
WE'RE TRYING TO RUN A BUSINESS HERE.
THE MINIATURE FISH-EYE LENS AND TRANSMITTER GO IN THE SPRINKLER SYSTEM...
WHAT'S THIS, MR BOELTER? NOT NICE. I GUESS A GUN IS STANDARD OFFICE EQUIPMENT IN TEXAS. I THINK I'LL PUT A LITTLE CRAZY GLUE IN THE BARREL.
BUG THE PHONE, PRY THEIR LIST OF SOCIAL SECURITY RECIPIENTS, AND I'M OUTTA HERE.
OKAY. EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE WORKING. IF THERE ARE ANY MORE PROBLEMS, GIVE US A CALL.
THANK YOU.
BACK TO MY COZY LITTLE VAN. HERE'S WHERE THE FUN STARTS.
THE COMPUTERS ARE BACK UP, MR. BOELTER.
ABOUT TIME! GET THOSE PHONE SOLICITORS BACK ON THE JOB. WE GOT SOME STARVIN' CHILDREN TO FEED, HA-HA-HA!

MR. BOELTER, OUR TAPE OF STARVING CHILDREN HAS BEEN ERASED.
WHAT?! SEND SOMEONE OVER TO SHACKTOWN WITH A CASE OF BEER TO MAKE A NEW TAPE. THOSE URCHINS WILL DO ANYTHING FOR BEER.
VERY GOOD, MR. BOELTER. MR. BONTRAGER WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU NOW.
ROG, WE GOT A PROBLEM. OUR LIST OF ELIGIBLE SOCIAL SECURITY RECIPIENTS HAS BEEN WIPED OUT.
FIGURES--IT'S JUST AS WELL. WE DON'T HAVE A CRYING CHILDREN TAPE TO PLAY ANYWAY.
ALL RIGHT... LET'S SEE... I'M SURE WE CAN FIND SOME COOPERATIVE SOUL AT THE SOC SEC TO SELL US A NEW LIST...
THE HARD PART IS NARROWING IT DOWN TO ELDERLY WIDOWS LIVING ALONE. OUR STUDIES SHOW THEY'RE THE MOST GULLIBLE...
... THIS TIME I'D LIKE TO FIND SOME OLD BIDDIES WITH SAVINGS! WAITING FOR THESE MEASLY WELFARE CHECKS PUTS A CRIMP IN OUR CASH FLOW...
GUTTIEREZ OFFERED ME A KILLER DEAL ON HIS HUNDRED FOOT YACHT... GONNA TAKE A TON OF LITTLE OLD LADIES AND STARVING KIDS TO PAY FOR IT!
COME TO THINK OF IT, ROG, I GOT A BALLOON PAYMENT COMIN' UP ON MY CONDO IN ASPEN...

THE YODELIN' SAM TAPES ARE MADE IN A METAMOROS FACTORY. I RENT A PLAIN VANILLA CHEVY AND PASS OVER ON A TOURIST VISA.
BUENAS TARDES, SEÑOR BOELTER ASKED ME TO CLEAN YOUR TAPE HEADS.
BE MY GUEST.
LOUD SALSA MUSIC PERMEATES THE FACTORY. THE WORKERS NEVER LISTEN TO YODELIN' SAM, OR ANY OF THE HUNDREDS OF OTHER WORTHLESS SINGERS THEY REPRODUCE... THEY ONLY LOOK AT THE DIALS.
SR. BOELTER'S VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT YODELIN' SAM.
SÍ.
WHEN'S THE NEXT LOAD DUE TO SHIP?
WE WAS GONNA RUN OFF TEN THOUSAND THIS AFTERNOON, UNTIL YOU CAME TO CLEAN THE HEADS... NOW MAYBE MAÑANA.
TOMORROW, DEFINITELY.
SÍ.
MOTEL
HELLO, YODELIN' SAM? I'D LIKE TO ORDER SOME COPIES OF YOUR NEW CASSETTE...

NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS SIT BACK AND WAIT FOR THE WARM, WET LAVENDER-SCENTED BAT GUANO TO HIT THE FAN.
I'M HALFWAY TO JERSEY WHEN IT HITS.
THE ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE IS OPENING AN INQUIRY INTO THE BOELTER GROUP, A HOUSTON-BASED PHILANTHROPIC ORGANIZATION, FOR POSSIBLE MAIL-FRAUD VIOLATIONS...
NUMEROUS COMPLAINANTS HAVE RECEIVED A YODELIN' SAM CASSETTE WHICH ALLEGEDLY CONTAINS TAPES OF ROGER BOELTER DISCUSSING THE DETAILS OF HIS ALLEGED FRAUD...
YO DE LAY-DEE-OH!
COLUMBIA
NEXT 4 EXITS
THANKS TO SOME REBOP OFF THE TURNER SATELLITE, I CAN EAVESDROP ON ROGER ALL THE WAY HOME.
HEY, GRAMPS-- HOWID YOU GET IN HERE? WHERE'S LISA?
YOU LOW-DOWN POLECAT... MAH MOMMA'S BEEN EATIN' DOGFOOD SO SHE CAN KEEP YORE STARVIN' CHILDREN ALIVE...
HOLD ON, PAL--THERE'S BEEN SOME MISUNDERSTAND-ING...
DOES THIS SOUND LIKE A MISUNDERSTANDIN' TO YOU?
CLICK
WAITING FOR THESE MEASLY WELFARE CHECKS PUTS A CRIMP IN OUR CASH FLOW...

THAT'S RIGHT! AH ORDERED THE YODELIN' SAM TAPE!
DID YOU HAVE TO BRING THE OLD LADY WITH YOU?
MA?
SO LONG, SUCKER...
BLAM!
WHUT THE--?! HIS GUN BLOWED UP IN 'IS FACE!
CRAZY GLUE-- GETS 'EM EVERY TIME!
YO-DELAY-DEE-OH!
WELL, THIS IS VERY NICE, MRS. ROSEN. YOU SURE I CAN'T HELP?
YOU'VE ALREADY DONE SO MUCH, LINUS! AND TODAY A NICE MAN FROM TEXAS PHONED, AND SAID THAT DUE TO A CLERICAL ERROR, THE SAVE OUR CHILDREN SOCIETY IS REFUNDING ME A THOUSAND DOLLARS...
THIS IS EXCELLENT, MRS. R! WHAT IS IT, TUNA FISH CASSEROLE?
OF COURSE, IT WILL TAKE A FEW DAYS FOR THE CHECK TO ARRIVE.
YES, IT'S AN OLD FAMILY RECIPE.
LOVE 'N' KITTENS
CAT FOOD
THE END